

But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath deseru'd the number of the foe;

Nor. Six or seuen thousand is their greatest number.

King. Why, our battail in troubles that account,
Besides that a Kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduers party want:

Vp with my tent there valian Gentlemen,

Let vs suruey the vantage of the field,

Call for some men of sound direction,

Lets want no disciplin, make no delay,

For Lords to morrow is a busie day,

Enter Richmond with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden feat,

And by the bright tracke of his fiery Carre,

Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow,

Where is Sir William Brandon, he shall beare my standerd,

The Earle of Pembroke keep his regiment,

Good Captaine Blunt, beare my good night to him,

And by the second houre in the morning,

Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent.

Yet one thing more, good Blunt before thou goest,

Where is Lord Stanley quarterd, doest thou know?

Blunt. Vnles I haue mistaine his colours much,

Which well I am assur'd I haue not done.

His regiment lieth halfe a mile at least,

South from the mighty power of the King.

Rich. If without perill it be possible,

Good Captaine Blunt beare my good night to him,

And giue him from me this most needfull scrowle.

Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vendrtake it.

Rich. Farewell Good Blunt.

Giue me some Inke and paper in my tent,

Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,

Limit each leader to his seuerall charge,

And part in iust proportion our small strength:

Come let vs consult vpon to morrowes businesse,

Into our tent, the aire is raw and cold.

Enter King Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby.

King. What is a clocke!

Cat. It is six of the clocke full supper time.

King. I will not sup to night, giue me some Inke and paper,
What is my Beauer easier then it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent.

Cat. It is my Leige, and all things are in readinesse,

King. Good Norfolk hie thee to thy charge,
Vse carefull watch, chuse trustie Centinell.

Nor. I goe my Lord.

King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

King. Catesby.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Send out a Pursuant at armes
To Stanleys regiment, bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, least his sonne George fall
Into the blind caue of eternall night,

Fill me a boule of wine, giue me a watch,

Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,

Looke that my stauces be found and not too heauy Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Sawest thou the melancholy L. Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey, and him selfe,

Much like Cockshut time, from troupe to troupe

Went through the army chering vp the souldiers.

King. so I am satisfied, giue me a boule of wine,

I haue not that alacrity of spirit,

Nor cleare of mind that I was wont to haue:

Set it downe, is Inke and paper ready?

Rat. It is my Lord.

King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me,

Ratcliffe about the midst of night come to my tent

And helpe to arme me, leaue me I say.

Exit Rat.
Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.

Dar. Fortune and victory sit one thy helme.

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can asord,

Be to thy person, noble father in lawe,

Tell me how fares our noble mother?

Dar. I by attorney blesse thee from thy mother,

Who prayes continually for Richmonds good